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THE CITIZEN.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY

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THE CITIZEN

T. G. PASCO,

EDITOR and MANAGER.

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OUR PLATFORM.

This paper aims to bring the best reading to every fireside. Reading is a great thing, but it makes a big difference what you read.

THE CITIZEN brings, first of all, the news—not every tale of crime or horror, but the important news—the news from Washington and the State capital, from our soldiers in far off islands, from our neighbors everywhere. For the young folks we have a story and a Bible lesson; for housewives, a few new ideas each week which should lighten their labors; for the farmer some valuable hints which will help him to make more from his land and cattle.

We propose to get the best ideas that can be found on all such practical and important matters and pass them around among our readers. The resources of Berea College are not for its students alone. The editor of this paper can at any time step into the largest College library in the State, and he has engaged several of the most distinguished instructors in the College to take charge of special departments in the paper. Those who are visited by THE CITIZEN will know what is going on in the world. Every week it will tell them something worth knowing.

THE CITIZEN is pledged to no party. It is every man's friend. It stands for the things which benefit all—temperance, thrift, kindness, enterprise, and education. And we ask all who believe in these things to subscribe for THE CITIZEN.

Christmas this week!

A Merry Christmas to you!

Christmas gift!—There! we said it first, so please send us your subscription!

IDEAS.

If I use my razor to split kindling, I'll have nothing left to shave with.

If I use my bed clothes for horse blankets, I'll have nothing left to sleep under.

If I groan and carry on at every little ache and pain, my friends will not know enough to go for the doctor when I'm sick and likely to die.

If I say that I "love" sweet potatoes and "adore" apple pie, when I only mean that I *like* them, I'll not have any stronger words left with which to tell my sweetheart or my wife how much I think of her. Perhaps she will be like the little girl who said she did not love her papa and mamma, "because love means to eat up!"

If I form a habit of using God's name in swearing, or even if I say "Lord a' mercy!" when the wind blows my hat off, it will sound like swearing when I am converted and am trying my very best to *pray*.

How to read THE CITIZEN.

First, read IDEAS, the first thing in the paper.

Second, read Berea Locals if you live here, or the County News on page four if you live at a distance.

Third, read the three *Special Departments* on page four.

Fourth, hunt around and find what else there is that you want to read. You may miss the best thing in the paper if you stop too soon.

Lastly, read our valuable advertisements and then open the paper so as to look on the inside pages for the Sunday School lesson and other things that will interest you.

Locals and Personals.

Mr. Mahaffy is recovering from quite a sickness.

The Baptist Church had a Christmas tree Monday night.

Ernest W. Todd is quite sick with bronchial trouble.

Rev. E. A. Paddock of Weiser, Idaho, is visiting his three children here.

Frank Coyle of Berea and Cynthia Hayes of Wildie were married Wednesday night, the 21st.

William N. Hanson and family of Winchester spent Christmas with parents in Berea.

Willie Mullins, a former student, spent Christmas, with his wife, at Mr. and Mrs. Kindred's.

Miss Helen Putnam, now student in Illinois State Normal School, is spending the holidays in Berea.

The "Annex" Sunday School had a Christmas tree Monday afternoon. Rev. Paddock, who was the founder of this school, contributed the oranges.

E. G. Dodge leaves Friday for Cumberland Gap, Tenn., where he will teach for the remainder of the school year.

The Junior Endeavor and the Junior S. S. united in a Christmas tree and entertainment Saturday afternoon. A happy time is reported.

Prof. James Madison Chapman of Miami University, Oxford, O., a former teacher of our Miss Robinson, gave interesting elocutionary readings Saturday night in the Chapel. This treat was provided by the College for the students and the public. Prof. Chapman also addressed the Endeavor meeting Sunday.

J. D. Bridges, Editor "Democrat," Lancaster, N. H. says, One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy for croup I ever used." Immediately relieves and cures coughs, colds, croup, asthma, pneumonia, bronchitis, grippe, and all throat and all lung troubles. S. E. Welch, Jr.

College Items.

Tutor White lectured last night.

Mrs. Mary Pasco Gould is spending the holidays with her husband in Chicago.

J. C. Teeters has moved into a part of the new College house on the Richmond pike.

The A, B, and C Rhetorical classes enjoyed a masquerade social Christmas night in Science Hall.

Miss Mary Vincent, of Chicago, will come next week to take charge of the Berea General Hospital.

J. H. Bird, former student of Berea, who has been teaching at London, Ky., spent Christmas at Berea. He left for Wilberforce, O., Tuesday.

The seven oil portraits of Berea's early workers which Miss Bartlett has been painting for the College are completed and ready for exhibition. Although enlarged from photographs and not sketched from life, they impress one as speaking likenesses. The list is as follows: Rev. John G. Fee, Jacob Emerick, (one of the original trustees,) Pres. E. H. Fairchild, Prof. J. A. R. Rogers, Prin. B. S. Hunting, and Prof. A. E. Todd Miss K. Gilbert. While in our midst, Miss Bartlett has also done a portrait of the mother of Pres. Frost and duplicate paintings of Pres. Fairchild and Prin. Hunting.

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RICHMOND - - KENTUCKY

Christmas on Rocky Fork.

Peers like hit beats creation, 'long up
towards Christmas Day,
'At people keep a-cuttn'-up, in sich a
develish way;
The Christmas "Celebration" ain't what
it ort to be,
For nearly every feller's a goin' to have
a "spree."

But 'cordin' to my Bible, the best 'at I
can l'arn
Is 'at Christmas ort to be a mighty
peaceable consarn;
Hit is a time when drinkin' 'n' rowdyin'
should cease,
In place o' havin' develment we should
have peace!

I b'lieve 'at all sich doin's, at the time
when Christ was born,
Is bound to come agin 'em at the Risurection Morn.
At least, in my opinion, thar's no peace
an' no good will
In rippin' round an' drinkin', 'n' shootin'
fit to kill!

But, Stranger, I must tell ye 'bout the
Chris'mus here, last year,
How, at a turkey shootin', trouble scattered fur an' near,
How several Smiths an' Messers met up
an' raised a fuss,
An' all the Chris'mus rinktums just
served to make 'em wuss.

Young Andy Smith wuz lovin' Joe
Messer's gal, 'n' he
Wuz wantin' her to marry some other
chap, ye see;
But she was purty plucky, an' wouldn't
come his way,
An' 'lowed she'd marry Andy, whatever
he might say.

He locked her up or watched her whenever she wuz out;
They kind o' kep' a banterin', jist
shootin' round about,
Hard feelin' kep' a growin', till Chris'mus rolled around,
An' still they kep' on shootin',—peered
like, to hear hit sound.

Abe Stivers had a turkey-shootin', down
here at his old place,
On Chris'mus Day, an' this I say, 'twus
p'intly a disgrace
To Rocky Fork an' every Christian family
on hit, too,
To see how awful shabby that gang o'
men did do.

They got a lot o' whisky, an' rallied
round a sight,
The Smith boys and the Messers had a
rough-'n'-tumble fight.
An' two or three young Messers got
bruised about the head,
An' Andy Smith, poor feller, wuz carried
home for dead.

He rallied, but 'most everybody thought
that he 'ud die:
His sweetheart didn't do a thing but
pine around an' sigh,
Until she looked so weakly that her
stubborn dad give in
An' said he wasn't aimin' to boss her
'round ag'in.

But Andy was mistrustful,—at last when
he got well,
He went out o' the county, and stayed
a good long spell;
He didn't write to Katie, but slipped
around one day,
When the ol' folks wa'n't suspectin',
he took her an' run away.

When they got back Joe Messer was so
mad he wouldn't speak,
But they talked hit over 'n' buried the
tomahawk last week;
We'd have—ef ne'er a feller 'ud pull a
whisky cork—
The right kind of a Chris'mus, this year,
on Rocky Fork.

—MARION HAROLD FREDERICK.

Lagrippe, with its after effects, annually destroys thousands of people. It may be quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure., the only remedy that produces immediate results in coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, and throat troubles. It will prevent consumption. S. E. Welch, Jr.

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Now comes

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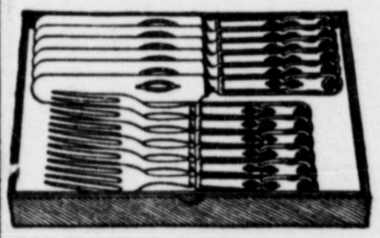

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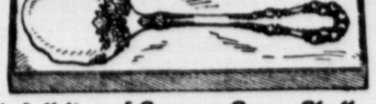

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This illustration shows the machine open, ready for use.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS by unknown concerns who copy our advertisements, offering unknown machines under various names, with various inducements. Write some friend in Chicago and learn who are reliable and who are not.

THE BURDICK has every MODERN IMPROVEMENT, EVERY GOOD POINT OF EVERY HIGH GRADE MACHINE MADE, WITH THE DEFECTS OF NONE. Made by the best makers in America, from the best material money can buy.

SOLID QUARTER SAWED OAK DROP DESK CABINET, piano polished. One illustration shows machine closed (head dropping from sight) to be used as a center table, stand or desk, the other open with full length table and head in place for sewing. 4 fancy drawers, latest 1899 skeleton frame, carved, paneled, embossed and decorated cabinet finish, finest nickel drawer pulls, rests on four casters, adjustable treadle, genuine Smyth iron stand. Finest large High Arm head, positive four motion feed, self threading vibrating shuttle, automatic bobbin winder, adjustable bearings, patent tension liberator, improved loose wheel, adjustable pressure foot, improved shuttle carrier, patent needle bar, patent dress guard, head is handsomely decorated and ornamented and beautifully nickel trimmed. GUARANTEED the lightest running, most durable and nearest noiseless machine made. Every known attachment is furnished and our Free Instruction Book tells just how anyone can run it and do either plain or any kind of fancy work. A 20-Years' Binding Guarantee is sent with every machine. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to see and examine this machine, compare it with those your storekeeper sells at $40.00 to $60.00, and then if convinced that you are saving $25.00 to $40.00, pay your freight agent the $15.50. WE TO RETURN YOUR $15.50 if at any time within three months you say you are not satisfied. ORDER TO-DAY. DON'T DELAY. (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

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S. E. WELCH, JR.

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, · · KENTUCKY

An entire new glass covering has been ordered for the roof of the Crystal palace, in London. The total glass area to be covered is about 15 acres.

The results of preliminary surveys for petroleum on the island of Sumatra are so encouraging that the land examined by a Russian engineer from Baku has been leased and workings will shortly be commenced. The petroleum thus found will probably be shipped to Japan and China.

There is a zinc and lead mine in Davidson county, North Carolina, which is in the control of an English syndicate, which is doing well. This mine carries copper in its ore, while the other zinc and lead mine in the same county, which is down 600 feet, shows similar ore, but without any copper.

There were only 31 ballots in the package containing the soldier votes sent from Cuba to the New York police board and opened late the other day. As each ballot is for a different election district there will have to be 31 polling places rented and 31 boards of inspectors will have to meet. Each vote will cost $30 by this method.

Corn would still be standing in the fields of Marshall county, Kan., if the women had not turned out and helped to gather it. The crop was unusually large this year, and help was not to be secured at any price. The women, seeing that men could not be secured, and that the crop was going to waste, turned out and husked the corn themselves.

The French war office is rejoicing over a new civilizing influence which may outdo even our dum-dum bullets. It is a rifle, and experiments have proved how deadly a weapon it is. At 2,000 yards the bullet went right through a horse placed obliquely to the line of fire, the bones in the track of the bullet being shockingly smashed.

There are places where it is dangerous to wear a ring on one's finger. A workman in the Augusta cotton mill got his hand too near a pulley, on which was a hook, and this hook caught a ring on the man's hand. He knew that if he did not break the ring or finger his arm would go, and he threw himself backwards, tearing the finger entirely from his hand, but saving his arm.

Since the report that Miss Josephine Drexel was about to renounce the world and enter a convent—a report that was promptly denied—the young woman has been overwhelmed with letters from people who would be willing to burden themselves with a part or the whole of her fortune of $10,000,000 which she would not be likely to need after taking the veil. She has recently joined a swell dancing club of New York city.

To enable travelers to cross the channel without suffering from sea sickness, a Frenchman has designed a submarine boat to be compelled by cable traction, the motive power being electricity. The boat will accommodate 240 passengers and perform the journey in one hour. Should the cables become fixed in going over the drums, the boat can be detached so that it may rise to the surface and continue the journey like an ordinary vessel.

Several of the largest abandoned copper mines in Eastern Maine will again be operated. The Maine copper mines were in successful operation in 1879, and showed good profits while copper was quoted at 14 cents. The mines could also be operated on a paying basis with copper at 12 cents, but the crash came when the Wisconsin mines put down the price of copper to eight cents. Now that copper is so high, it will be very profitable to mine it.

Paper teeth are the latest thing in dentistry. For years some substance has been sought for which could replace the composition commonly employed for making teeth, and a fortune awaited the man who was lucky enough to hit upon the right material. Although paper has some disadvantages, they are small compared to its many qualifications, and paper teeth are likely to be used exclusively, at least, until a more perfect material is found.

The rapid development of Africa is due to the gold, iron, coal and other mineral deposits. The Kimberly mines are located in Britsh territory, just outside the boundaries of the Orange Free State, about 600 miles from Cape Town, and supply 99 per cent. of the diamonds of commerce. The existence of these mines was unknown prior to 1867, and since their discovery $350,000,000 worth of rough diamonds have been taken from them, which, after cutting, were easily worth double.

Vegetarians who are so strict that they do not care to wear an article of clothing into which any animal properties are introduced are catered for in the boot line by a London bootmaker, who is the inventor of a vegetarian shoe. For some years he has been experimenting and as a result he has produced a boot, in the construction of which there is absolutely no paper or leather of any description. Not only this, but, according to his assertion, these wear one-fourth longer than leather shoes, and the upper material is always soft.

LOST PROMISES.

My heart grew away from the good,
When I left my ways
In the golden days
Where I strolled at eve in the wood;
Now I often stand
On the shell-strewn sand
And think of the seas between.

My heart passed away from the true
When my dreams were young,
And my harp was hung
On willows in the sunlit dew.
While I laughed at will
At the sleeping hill,
That wakened to answer me.

My heart grew away from the sky
That showered its joy
When I was a boy,
When tears never blinded my eye;
But with hope and care,
And an earnest prayer,
Will bring all that has gone away.

—Harvey P. Layton, in Atlanta Constitution.

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CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

We now began to hurry a little, and found that Corte was right, for the soldiers who had lined the passage inside the Bronze gates had taken themselves off, and a considerable number of servants and followers were enjoying here the results of piratical raids on the supper tables.

Outside, however, everything was in order, for De Leyva was a thorough soldier. I found both the Spaniard and De Briconnet cursing their luck at being on the guards, and attacking a capon which they were washing down with copious draughts of Falernian. Their duties kept them outside, and it was a poor supper they were making, by the light of torches, seated together on the steps of the vatican.

"What! out already, cavaliere?" asked De Briconnet. "Is the cardinal going?"

"No, but there is a little business," I answered, as I called Jacopo.

"Nom du diable! Can I not come?"

"It would be a relaxation," said De Leyva.

"I am afraid not, gentlemen, although we thank you. Here, Jacopo! Get three of our fellows and follow me. Tell the others to hold their horses."

It was done in a twinkling, and in a few steps, having harked back, we were in the Papal gardens. The casino or summer-house of the pope was in full light, and we directed our steps there without difficulty. I made two of our men walk in front, Jacopo and the third behind us, and we remained in the middle. Strict orders were given to have swords ready, and to use them at once.

Except for the moonlight, the gardens themselves were not illuminated, and as we tramped along the paths I thought to myself how easy it would have been for Michelotto to have got rid of both St. Armande and myself, if we had been fools enough to go without escort.

Nothing happened. We reached the casino and waited there a full hour; but there was no sign of Michelotto.

At last I lost patience.

"He never meant to cross a sword with you, chevalier. I can bear witness you were here, and kept tryst. We have escaped a felon's blow, together. Come back—it is getting late—even for his eminence." We turned, and made our way back, but it was a good two hours before D'Amboise retired. Bayard had gone on long before, declining all offers of escort. When we reached the palace we found he had arrived safely.

I wished St. Armande a good night, with more respect for him in my heart than I ever felt before, and turned to seek my apartments. Late as it was, however, there was to be no sleep for me, as De Briconnet, whose brain the Falerian had merely made more lively, insisted on accompanying me, and we split another flask, and talked of falconry till the verge of the morning.

CHAPTER XVIII.
THE OPAL RING.

"His eminence will await the Signor Donati at supper this evening."

Defaure delivered his message, received his answer, and tripped away, his little page's cap set jauntily on the side of his head, and the haft of his dagger clinking against the silver chain which held it to his belt. As for me, my heart leaped at the words, for I felt sure my business was come, and, summoning Jacopo, I gave him the necessary orders to have our men in readiness for an immediate start. I then sought St. Armande, and told him what I expected.

"I am ready," he said, simply.

"Very well, then sup lightly, and await me in my apartments."

I turned back, and on reaching my rooms was surprised to find I had a visitor awaiting me. It was Corte. As I have said, he has cast aside his fantastic dress, and was robed as a doctor. He still kept his heavy book under his arm, and the features of his curious seamed face, and thin, bloodless lips, were as pale as if he had arisen from the dead. His eyes alone blazed with an unnatural brilliancy, but he was outwardly calm.

"I came but to see if you were safe, signore, after last night," he said, as he took my hand.

"Thanks," I replied, offering him a seat, "we are all quite safe. Nothing happened. The don was not there. Either he had changed his mind or we were too strong in force."

"A little of both, I should think," he said, with a thin smile, as he placed his book on the table. "Signore," he went on, "are you not a little surprised and curious to see me as I am?"

"Well, Messer Corte, I will own to it. But I am honestly glad that fortune has given the wheel a right turn for you."

"It is not fortune," he said, "it is something greater. It is fate. No chance turn of the wheel of a sleeping goddess. When I fled from you, signore, on that day," his voice choked a little, "I came to Rome. Never mind how. Here a great man found me. Great men pick up little things for their purposes sometimes. And Matthew Corte, who is but a little man, knows things the great man does not know. Ho! ho!" and he laughed mirthlessly.

"And that has put crowns in your purse?"

"Yes, crowns in my purse, crowns in my purse," he repeated, and then the old madness came upon him, and he rose and paced the room. "I could have done it last night, made the hilt of my dagger ring against his heart—the devil—the devil. But he is not to die this way—not thus—not thus. He will die as no other man has died, and it will come soon, very soon—Mathew Corte swears this."

He stopped suddenly, and turned to me with the question:

"Have you ever seen a mad dog die?"

"No," I answered, wondering what would come next.

"Well, my dog is dead."

"I am sorry," I began, but he interrupted.

"Dead, I say. Life went from it in writhings and twistings, in screams of agony—the little beast, poor little beast! I would have ended its misery, but I wanted to see. I wanted to find some death so horrible that it would pass the invention of man. And I have found it, signore. See this toy of a knife! This fairy's dagger!" and he held up a tiny lancet, "only a touch of it, and a man would die as that dog did, in writhings, in twistings, in screams—"

I rose and put my hand on his arm, keeping my eyes steadily on his face.

"Corte," I said, "this is not like you. You are not well. Here is some wine," and I poured him out a goblet of Orvieto. He drained it at a gulp, and sat with his head buried in his hands.

As he sat there, the scene in the lonely hut, when I went forth an outcast from Arezzo, came back to me, and there rose before me the dim light of the torch, the mad figure of my host, and I could almost hear the pattering of the rain and the dying hisses of the log fire without. Then I saw other things as well, and a pity came on me for the man before me. A sudden thought struck me, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, I spoke:

"See here, Corte! You are ill, you want rest, quiet. Throw off these dark thoughts, and do what I say. Two miles from Colza, in the Bergamasque, lies a small farm. It is mine. Mine still, though mortgaged. Go there. Ask for the Casino Savelli, and say you have come from me—from Ugo di Savelli. You know my name now, and they will want nothing more from you. Live there until you are better, or as long as you like. The air is pure, in the hills there is the boqueton for you to hunt; the life is good. Will you do this?"

He lifted his head, and looked at me. Then, rising, he placed one hand on each of my shoulders, thin hands they were, with long bony fingers that held like claws.

"Signore," he said, with emotion, "Donati or Savelli—whoever you are—you are a good man. I thank you, but it cannot be. Good-by!" And, lifting up his book, he turned and strode out of the room, leaving me a little chilled.

After that I waited for my meeting with D'Amboise. I saw to the packing of a valise, went down and looked at the horses, closely inspected the arms and mounts of my men, who looked capable of anything, and, in one way and another, managed to get through the time, until about the sixth hour, when his eminence supped. I presented myself punctually, and was ushered into an inner apartment which I had not hitherto seen, and where the supper was evidently to be held, for the table was set out there. I was alone at first, and, seating myself on a lounge, looked about me. The room was small, but beautifully fitted up, and had all the appearance of being the cardinal's private study. By my side was a table on which was spread a map, with various crosses marked on it in red chalk, the chalk itself lying on the map, where it had been carelessly flung. In front of me was an altar, surmounted by a silver crucifix, bearing an exquisitely-carved Christ. Near it, in a corner, leaned a long straight sword, from whose cross handle hung a pair of fine steel gauntlets. Resting on a cushion, placed on a stand, was the cardinal's hat, and behind the stand I could see the brown outline of a pair of riding boots and the glitter of burnished spurs. In a corner of the room was a large table, set out with writing materials and covered with papers. Running my eyes over these idly, I finally let them rest on the supper table, which was arranged with lavish profusion. The curtains of the windows were drawn, and the light from eight tall candles, in jeweled holders, fell on the rose and amber of the wine in the quaint flasks, on the cheerful brown crusts of the pasties, on the gay enameling of the comfitures, and on the red gold of the plate. I noticed, too, that the table was set for three only. It was evidently a private supper, where things were to be discussed, and I became glad, for I felt already a step onwards towards winning back my name, and—I seemed to see in the mirror on the wall to my left, a vision of a woman with dark hair, and dark eyes—

"Your eminence!" I fairly started up. I had not observed the entrance of D'Amboise until he stood beside me and touched me lightly on the shoulder.

"Dreaming, cavaliere! I did not think you were so given. I am afraid that, late as I am, I must still keep you from your supper, for I expect another guest. Ha! there he is!"

Indeed, as he spoke, the door swung open noiselessly, and Machiavelli entered. He was plainly and simply dressed, and wore no sword, merely a dagger at his side. I thought, however, I caught the gleam of a steel corselet under his vest, as he greeted the cardinal, and D'Amboise's own sapphire was not more brilliant than the single opal which blazed in the secretary's hand.

"This is the Cavaliere Donati, your excellency," said the cardinal, "but I think you know each other."

Machiavelli extended his hand to me with his inscrutable smile; but as I met his eyes I saw that they were troubled and anxious. He, however, spoke with easy unconcern.

"Well met, Messer Donati. I can only say I am sorry we parted so soon. I would have given much to have had you in Florence for a few days more."

"Your excellency is most kind."

"St. Dennis!" said the cardinal, "but are you gentlemen going to exchange compliments, and starve instead of sitting down to supper. Burin, are we not ready?" and he turned to his gray-haired major-domo, who had entered the room.

"Your eminence is served," replied the man, and we took our seats on each side of the table, D'Amboise between us.

"You need not wait, Burin, but remain in the passage." Burin stepped out silently, and the cardinal said, with an air of apology: "You must not mind so informal a repast, gentlemen; but we have much to discuss—pleasure first, however—my maitre d'hotel has an artist's soul, and he will have a fit if we do not touch this pasty."

The cardinal ate and talked. I now and then put in a word, but the secretary was very silent, and hardly touched anything.

"St. Dennis!" said D'Amboise, "but your excellency is a poor trencherman. And I heard so much of you!"

"Your eminence will excuse me, when I say I have bad news."

D'Amboise became grave at once. "Let me say how sorry I am. It is not a matter of state?" and he glanced meaningly at the secretary.

"Not in the least; but much worse—a domestic matter. I do not see why I should not tell you. That cursed brigand Baglioni has seized on my ward Angiola Castellani, and holds her a fast prisoner in Perugia."

I felt cold all over to my feet.

"The Lady Angiola?" I exclaimed.

"Precisely," said Machiavelli, dryly; "I think you have met."

"But this can be easily remedied," burst in D'Amboise; "a demand from the Signory, a word from France."

"Will not bring the dead to life again," put in the secretary

"My God!" I burst out, "she is not dead?"

"Worse than that," he said; "it was done by Cesare's orders."

"Then Cesare Borgia will pay with his life for this," I exclaimed.

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and Burin entered, bearing a silver flagon, the stopper of which was made of a quaintly-carved dragon.

"Your eminence ordered this with the second service," he said, placing it before D'Amboise and retiring.

"I pledge you my word, your excellency, that I will not rest until full reparation has been made for this outrage on an ally of France," said D'Amboise. "I could almost find it in my heart to let loose open war for this."

"We are not ready, your eminence. Rest assured of my thanks, and I will gladly accept your aid; but at present we can do nothing. This, however, has not decreased my zeal for the measures we are planning, and with your permission we will now discuss these, and put aside my private trouble."

For me, I could hardly breathe. A hundred feelings were tossing together within me; all that I could think of was to throw aside everything, to gallop to Perugia, to save her at any cost. The cardinal's voice came to me as from a distance.

"I agree—one glass each of this all round, and then—cavaliere, would you mind handing me those glasses?"

Three peculiar-shaped, straw-colored Venetian glasses were close to me; these I passed onwards mechanically to D'Amboise, and he went on, filling the glasses to the brim with wine from the flagon, as he spoke.

"I admired the rare workmanship of this flagon last night, and his holiness sent it home with me, full to the brim with this Falernian, which Giulia Bella herself poured into it. The wine is of a priceless brand, and our lord was good enough to say that if I liked it he would send me all in his cellars if I only let him know."

"We will drink this, then, with your eminence's permission, to the success of the undertaking," said the secretary, poising his glass in the air.

"Right," said D'Amboise. "Gentlemen, success to our venture!"

He raised the wine to his lips. I silently did the same.

"Hold on!"

We stopped in amaze, and Machiavelli, who had spoken, quietly emptied his glass into a bowl beside him.

"What does this mean?" said the cardinal.

"This, your eminence," and Machiavelli held out his hand, on which an opal was flashing a moment before. The stone was still there, in the gold band on his finger; but it was no longer an opal, but something black as jet, devoid of all luster.

Startled by the movement, D'Amboise bent over the extended fingers, and I followed his example. The red on the cardinal's cheek went out, and his lips paled as he looked at the ring.

"The Forgia will rue this day."

"Poison! Heart of Jesus!" he muttered through pale lips.

"Yes," said Machiavelli, slowly, withdrawing his hand, "the ring tells no lies. Diavolo! Was ever so grim a jest? Asking you to tell him if your eminence liked the wine!"

It was too near a matter to be pleasant, and the hideous jest, and the treachery of Alexander, filled me with a hot anger. It had the effect, however, of pulling me together at once, the sudden presence of death, and the danger, recalling me to myself, for all my thoughts of Angiola. I breathed a prayer of thanks for our escape. It was a good omen. My luck was not yet run out.

D'Amboise sprang to his feet. "By G—!" he said, bringing his clenched fist into the palm of his hand, "the Borgia will rue this day; here, give me those glasses." He seized them, and, drawing back the curtain, flung them out of the window, where they fell into the court outside, breaking to splinters with a little tinkling crash. Then he emptied out the contents of the flagon, and hurled it into the grate, where it lay, its fine work crushed and dented, the two emerald eyes of the dragon on the stopper blinking at us wickedly. This outburst made D'Amboise calmer, and it was with more composure that he struck a small gong, and reseated himself at the table. As he did so Burin entered the room.

"We want a clear table," said the cardinal; "remove these things and hand me that map."

By the time Burin had done this, his eminence showed no further trace of excitement, except that his lips were very firmly set, and there was a slight frown on his forehead as he smoothed out the roll of the map. One corner kept obstinately turning up, and as Machiavelli quietly put his hand on it to keep it in position, he said: "See! The ring is as it was before."

We looked at the opal, and, sure enough, the poison-tint was gone, and under the pale, semiopaque blue of its surface lights of red, of green, and of orange, flitted to and fro.

"It is wonderful," I said, and D'Amboise smiled grimly to himself. The cardinal placed his finger on the map, where the port of Sinigaglia was marked.

"Is it here he lands?"

"Yes," replied Machiavelli, "and then straight to Rome."

"You have sure information?"

"Yes."

"Then will your excellency instruct M. Donati? As arranged, I pledge an immediate movement on the part of Tremouille, at the first sign of success."

"You have agreed, cavaliere, to undertake the task?" and the secretary turned to me.

"I have, your excellency."

Machiavelli then went on, speaking incisively, wasting no words. "In ten days or thereabouts from now Monsignore Bozardo, the Papal envoy to the Grand Turk, will land at Sinigaglia and start for Rome. He brings with him a letter and a sum of money, 40,000 ducats. These are for his holiness. Bozardo and the letter may reach, if you like; the ducats must not."

"Where are they to go?"

"To the Duke de la Tremouille."

"I follow."

"Understand that you take this venture at your own risk."

I saw what he meant; if I failed I was to be sacrificed, and my mind was made up. I would accept, with a condition.

"I quite understand—there is one thing."

"What?"

"Ten days is a wide margin. I will stop Bozardo or die; but I propose effecting the release of the Lady Angiola as well."

A glad look came into Machiavelli's eyes; but the cardinal flashed out:

"Nom du Diable! What grasshopper have you got in your head? Leave the demoiselle to us. You cannot do two things at once."

"Then, with respect to your eminence, I decline the affair of the ducats."

D'Amboise looked at me in sheer amazement.

"You decline—you dare;" but Machiavelli interposed.

"A moment, your eminence. Can we get another agent?"

"Not now; it is too late now."

"And we have no money for active measures?"

"Not a livre."

"It seems to me that the cavaliere has us in his hands, and we had better agree. After all, he only risks his head twice, instead of once."

D'Amboise bit his lips, and with a frown began to drum on the table with his fingers. I sat silent but resolved, and Machiavelli, rising, went to the writing table, pulling out from his vest a parchment. In this he rapidly wrote something, and, dusting it over with drying powder, held it to the flame of a candle. Then he turned back leisurely, and, as he resumed his seat, handed me the paper.

"I have just filled in your name on this blank safe-conduct through the Papal States. I took the precaution of obtaining this from Sforza to-day. When can you start?"

"Now, your excellency," and I put the safe-conduct securely by.

"I suppose I must agree," said the cardinal, suddenly. "If it fails, all is lost; if it succeeds—"

"There will probably be a new Conclave, your eminence," said Machiavelli.

D'Amboise's forehead flushed dark at the hidden meaning in the Florentine's words. But we all knew that the chair of St. Peter was ever before his eyes, and for this he schemed and saved, although profuse in his habits. George of Amboise never gained his desire, but when he died he left a fortune of eleven millions. This, however, was yet to be.

I had already risen to take my leave as Machiavelli spoke, and the cardinal, taking no notice of his last remark, turned to me, with something of his old good temper. Perhaps the hint of Florentine support at the next papal election was not without its softening effect.

"Did I undertsand you to say that you were ready to start at once, cavaliere?"

"Yes, your eminence."

"Then let me wish you good fortune—adieu!"

"Your eminence has my grateful thanks."

I bowed to D'Amboise and the secretary, and withdrew; but as the door swung behind me I heard Machiavelli's voice.

"The air of Rome does not suit me, your eminence. No, thanks. No more Falernian."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HERO OF THE MINES.

The Noble Act of Self-Sacrifice Performed by a Rough Miner.

A western mining journal records a shining act of self-sacrifice on a miner's part. Michael Verran was engaged with two men in sinking a shaft. They had drilled a hole in the usual way for blasting, and then, according to custom, one of the three ascended the shaft, leaving the others to finish preparations for firing the charge.

Michael and his companion had become familiar with danger. They were heedless, and while the fuse was attached, they set to work to cut it off with a stone and an iron drill. At the first blow the drill gave off a spark, and the hissing of the fuse told the miners that the charge was fired.

With the impulse of self-preservation, both miners dashed to the shaft, and holding to the bucket, gave the signal to be drawn up. But alas! the strength of the man at the windlass was unequal to lifting two; he could wind up only one man at a time.

To remain was death to both, and by right it was Michael's turn to ascend. He looked at his companion, stepped from the bucket, and said, resolutely:

"Go up, lad. You have a wife. Don't mind me," and he pushed his fellow almost roughly into the bucket:

The bucket swiftly ascended and the man was safe. A great roar and boom arose from the shaft, and then up came the smoke and rubbish. Following this all was still in the shaft. There could be no doubt of the unfortunate miner's fate, imprisoned in that deadly shaft. Yet one and another hurried down and began shouting, in faltering tones:

"Michael! Michael! Are you here?"

And the answer came, muffled but distinct, "I am here, thank God!"

They found him, unhurt, beneath a huge slab of stone that had blown across him and lodged against the wall of rock, protecting him from all harm of flying fragments. Truly his escape seemed miraculous, and little else was talked of among the miners for days afterward.—Youth's Companion.

The Man Who Was "Gone."

In a case which recently came up for hearing a certain witness was called. On the mention of his name a man rose up and said: "He's gone." "Where is he gone?" said the judge; "it is his duty to be here." "My lord," was the solemn reply, "I wadna care to commit mysel' as to whaur he's gone; but he's deid."—Scottish Life and Humor.

The New Girl.

Real Head of the Family—John, our new girl is a jewel. She's the cheerfulest, most lively creature I've ever had in my kitchen. Always flying around and always singing.

Ostensible Head of the Family—Then she isn't a jewel, Martha. She's a bird. —Chicago Tribune.

Where They Were First.

Mrs. Fuzzy—They claim to be one of the first families in the city, those Attertons.

Mr. Fuzzy—So they are—in the city directory.—Syracuse Herald.

How to Avoid Colds During Winter.

"This idea that many people have, that winter is an unhealthful season, is all wrong. Winter is just as healthful as summer, if people will take care of themselves. If you want to go through the winter without a cold, observe these few simple rules:

"Don't overheat your house, and don't stop all ventilation. Sleep in a cool room, but keep warmly covered. Always take off your outdoor wraps when you come in the house, and always put them on when you go out. And, lastly, just as long as there is snow on the ground, don't go out without your rubbers. This last rule is the most important of all, for two colds out of three come from wet feet."—The Independent.

PORTER RUNS A RAILROAD.

All the Officials Were Abroad and He Was the Only One to Do It.

Senator Depew does not tell how the following came to be reported to him, but it is such a good story that he uses it continually in dismissing dignified bores or influential beggars from his office. The senator was on his summer vacation when a pompous little man called to see him and encountered the colored porter who guards the outer gates of the Depew sanctum.

"I want to see Chauncey Depew," said the little man.

"You can't, sah. He's gone to Europe, sah."

"Well, then, I'll see his secretary."

"Sorry, sah, but Mistah Duval, he's done gone to Europe."

"Then I'll see Cornelius Vanderbilt."

"He's in Newport, sah."

"Well, is W. K. Vanderbilt in?"

"No, sah. He's done gone to Newport, too."

"That so?" Then I'll see the vice president of the road."

"He's in Albany, sah."

"How about the second vice president?"

"He's down to Long Branch, sah."

"Is the superintendent in?"

"He's out inspectionin' de road, sah."

"How about General Passenger Agent Daniels?"

"He went away to Cape May dis mawnin'."

"Who in thunder is running this road, anyway?" shouted the little man, getting very red in the face.

"Well, I'll tell you, boss," replied the ebon attendant, "dis yere road jes' runs hitsef, sah, an' dere hain' nobody needed 'roand to look after things but me."—Saturday Evening Post.

The Ruling Passion with Him.

"Elvira is upstairs getting ready," said the little brother to the stout caller. "I'll go and tell her to hurry up."

"Thank you," said the stout caller. "Tell her to hurry up or to hurry down, just as you think best. Anything to reduce my wait."—Somerville Journal.

Selfishness is the only thing that stands between some people and happiness.—Chicago Daily News.

Gratitude, like everything else, is obnoxious when it is overdone.—Atchison Globe.

The daughters of a millionaire always have fine figures.—Chicago Daily News.

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LAWTON KILLED.

Shot Down by Sharpshooters in the Battle at San Mateo, Luzon.

Secretary of War and the President Express Profound Grief Over the Death of the Gallant General.

Washington, Dec. 20.—The war department Tuesday night received the following official confirmation of the killing of Gen. Lawton near San Mateo, Luzon:

Manila—Gen. Lawton engaged in driving insurgents from San Mateo, section of country northeast of Manila, killed instantly at 9:30 yesterday morning. A great loss to us and his country. (Signed) Otis.

Secretary Root and the president each Tuesday night expressed his profound grief at the confirmation of the report of the death of the gallant general.

Gen. Lawton's death was a great shock to the officers of the war department, to nearly all of whom he was known personally. Hitherto his luck in battle had been marvelous. He had been in hundreds of skirmishes and midnight attacks. He was regarded as a man of action and of splendid courage, but was not considered reckless. He never exposed his men without due consideration of the risks and the stake.

Manila, Dec. 20.—Gen. Lawton left home Monday night, having returned from his northern operations Saturday to lead an expedition through Marquina valley, which has been an insurgent stronghold throughout the war.

San Mateo was attacked at 8 o'clock, and a three hours' fight ensued. This resulted in but a few casualities on the American side, apart from the death of Gen. Lawton, but the attack was difficult because of the natural defenses of the town.

New York, Dec. 21.—A dispatch gives the following account of the death of Gen. Lawton:

Manila, Dec. 21.—At 12 midnight Monday, Gen. Lawton left his wife,

GEN. HENRY W. LAWTON.

and, in a pouring rain, with a small guard, went to meet the troops in a night march to San Mateo. He remarked to his wife that when he got through here he would volunteer in the Transvaal, where the enemy would fight. His wife answered:

"No, honey, you will go home with me to California and raise oranges. You have done all you can for your country."

Lawton's body is now being brought in over the boggy trails across swollen rivers. Tuesday he marched all day in a driving rain, and met the enemy in force at San Mateo. Lieut. Breckinridge was shot. Lawton dismounted and helped to carry him on a litter. Bending over the litter he was assisting in dressing the wound of Breckinridge, when a bullet passed through his heart, killing him instantly. The feeling is so great at Lawton's headquarters that no one can talk. Mrs. Lawton seems not to understand yet that it is possible her husband is dead.

Almost at this moment the cheers of the American troops rushing into San Mateo were mingling with the rifle volleys. After the fight, six stalwart cavalrymen forded the river to the town, carrying the litter on their shoulders, the staff preceding with the colors and a cavalry escort following.

Manila, Dec. 21.—Maj. Gen. Lawton's body was brought from San Mateo to Manila Wednesday afternoon, his staff and a squadron of cavalry acting as escort. It was found necessary to bridge the river.

The funeral will take place from his late residence here, a mansion formerly occupied by a Spanish general. The body has been temporarily placed in a vault in El Paco cemetery, where many of the American soldiers have been interred, and a guard of honor will be maintained. When Mrs. Lawton and her four children shall have completed their arrangements for returning to the United States the remains will be taken on a transport, with an escort of officers, for final interment, as is thought probable, in Arlington cemetery.

Car Shops Burned.

Dubuque, Ia., Dec. 21.—The car shop of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road, the largest plant here, was completely destroyed by fire Wednesday night. The loss will be $75,000 to $100,000, and 300 men will be thrown out of employment.

The Forty-Eighth Starts for Manila.

San Francisco, Dec. 21.—The United States transport Grant cleared Wednesday and sailed for Manila with the last of the volunteer regiments, the 48th infantry (colored), in command of Col. W. A. Duval.

FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

First Session.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Senate—Not in session Saturday.

House—The currency bill was read for amendment under the five-minute rule Saturday. The debate proceeded quietly. Representative Sulzer (N. Y.), introduced a joint resolution, declaring that a state of war exists in South Africa and according belligerent rights to the Transvaal government. Adjourned until Monday.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Senate—Resolutions were introduced Monday by Tillman (S. C.) and Bacon (Ga.), against the retention of the Philippine islands by the United States. Each purpose to yield the islands to a government to be established by the Filipinos themselves. Mr. Morgan (Ala.) addressed the senate briefly upon the necessity of legislation to control trusts, and had his joint resolution against them referred to the judiciary committee. A bill to restore to their original status as to promotion of officers of the navy and the marine corps losing numbers by reason of the advancement of other officers for exceptional and meritorious service during the war with Spain, was passed. After an executive session the senate adopted a house resolution appointing a committee to attend the reception and unveiling of the statue of Daniel Webster in this city on January 18, 1900.

House—The currency bill, which was debated all last week, was passed Monday by the house by a vote of 190 to 150. Speaker Henderson Monday announced the committees of the house of representatives. It proved to have very few surprises, as the speaker preserved the time-honored custom of following precedent as to old members of, leaving them in their old chairmanships and places, and gradually advancing them as vacancies occur. The important new chairmanships are those of Mr. Brosius (Pa.), chairman of banking and currency; Mr. Grosvenor (O.), merchant marine and fisheries; Mr. Southard (O.), coinage, and Mr. Cooper (Wis.), the newly formed committee on insular affairs.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Senate—Measures introduced Tuesday: Joint resolution authorizing the Commercial Cable Co. to lay a cable between the United States and Cuba; bill for the establishment of a high court of patents, trade marks and copyright, to consist of seven judges; authorizing the United States and West Indies Direct Telegraph Co. to lay a submarine cable between the United States and Cuba, and such islands as the United States has sovereignty over. By Mr. Cockrell, bill authorizing the West Indies Development Co. to acquire, operate and sell franchises in Cuba or any other islands over which the United States may exercise sovereignty. Mr. Aldrich (R. I.) reported house bill No. 1—the financial bill—with a substitute.

House—Bills introduced: To employ retired military and naval officers to assist in military instruction in the public schools; to require the first sergeant of each company of the United States army to call each month the names of the members of his company killed in battle; providing that any person who shall be found guilty of obstructing any train carrying United States mails shall be punishable by a fine of $10,000, or imprisonment for 10 years, or both.

Washington, Dec. 21.—Senate—Bills introduced Wednesday: Authorizing the appointment of a commission to investigate trade conditions in the Orient; construction of a Pacific cable from San Francisco to Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines; to prohibit dealing in cotton futures; authorizing the president to appoint a commissioner to the Paris exposition from each state; guaranteeing to the people of Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines a republican form of government and protection against invasion; proposed amendment to the constitution, providing that the chief justice of the United States and United States judges shall be elected by the people. Adjourned until January 3, 1900.

House—No business was transacted at the brief session of the house Wednesday. The time was occupied in a filibuster against a motion to adjourn. The democrats and some republicans did the filibustering, in order to give Mr. Grow, the venerable ex-speaker of the house, an opportunity to reply to some statements made Tuesday by Mr. Gaines (Tenn.) Adjourned until January 3, 1900.

Gen. Wood in Charge.

Havana, Dec. 22.—Gen. Leonard Wood formally took charge of the governor general's office at 9 o'clock Thursday morning. His first act was to accept the resignation of the members of the advisory cabinet of Gen. Brooke. These officials, after considering the question over night, had decided to insist upon retiring. Their decision meets with a public approval.

False Bank Statement.

Montreal, Dec. 22.—Ferdinand Lemieux, local manager of the defunct Ville Marie Bank, was Thursday found guilty of preparing and sending to the government false statements as to the bank's condition, and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. The president of the bank is in jail and two of the directors are still to be tried.

Call for the A. P. L. Convention.

Washington, Dec. 22.—The American Political league has issued a call for a national convention for the nomination of candidates for president and vice president for the United States, to be held in Boston July 4, 1900. The councils of each state are directed to appoint two delegates at large.

Driver Boys Strike.

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 22.—The Hampton and Hyde Park collieries of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Co. shut down Thursday by reason of a strike of driver boys, who claim they are working 10 hours for the same pay they got during the dull times, when they were required to work only eight hours. Twelve hundred men are laid idle.

Ex-Senator Bradbury Seriously Ill.

Augusta, Me., Dec. 22.—Ex-United States Senator James W. Bradbury is dangerously ill. He is in his 98th year and is not expected to recover.

Victoria, Australia, Wheat Crop.

Melbourne, Victoria, Dec. 22.—The Argus of this city publishes a forecast of the wheat harvest of this colony, in which it says that the average yield is 9.37 bushels per acre, and that the exportable surplus is 13,000,000 bushels.

Will Lose His Hands and Feet.

English, Ind., Dec. 22.—John Denbo lay out on the ground intoxicated Wednesday night and was so badly frozen that his hands and feet will have to be amputated. He is about 25 and of a prominent Indiana family.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Review, or Optional Lesson, for December 31, 1899—Thanksgiving to the Eternal King—Psalm 103.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.—Ps. 103:2.

THE LESSON TEXT.

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name.
2. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits:
3. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;
4. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;
5. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
6. The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.
7. He made known His ways unto Moses, His acts unto the children of Israel.
8. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.
9. He will not always chide: neither will He keep His anger forever.
10. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
11. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him.
12. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.
13. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.
14. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.
15. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
16. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.
17. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children;
18. To such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember His commandments to do them.
19. The Lord hath prepared His throne in the heavens; and His kingdom ruleth over all.
20. Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength, that do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word.
21. Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts; ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.
22. Bless the Lord, all His works in all places of His dominion; bless the Lord, O my soul.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

1-5. Perowne says: "This beautiful psalm is the outpouring of a full heart in thanksgiving to Jehovah for His grace and compassion, both as experienced by the psalmist in his own life, and also as manifested to his nation in their history." As such, it is especially appropriate in summing up the Divine blessings given to Israel, even through Israel's sufferings, blessings that speak of grace and mercy, of God's patience, and of His deliverance from the great evils that had been brought upon the people by their sin. "O my soul:" The Hebrew title assigns the Psalm to David, and the Syriac assigns it to David in his old age. But the authorship is entirely uncertain, many linguistic signs seeming to separate it from the Davidic psalms. Whoever wrote it, probably some author after the return from exile and in celebration of the mercy that had once more opened the temple to the worshiper, appealed to his innermost being, his very soul, his whole nature, to bless God. Chief of these blessings was the forgiveness of all personal inquiry, "thine iniquity," and then the healing of "all thy diseases," both of body and soul, completes the redemption for which the devout Israelite gives thanks. "From the pit" means from the dark underworld, hades, the grave, in which the dead were supposed to dwell. "Satisfieth thy mouth with good things" is made symbolical of all bodily nourishment by which the strength is sustained and the youthful elasticity, the spring and buoyancy of life fitly symbolized by the eagle, is preserved even beyond the years in which it might naturally be expected.

6-12. "The Lord executeth righteousness," etc. The thought here seems to pass beyond individual benefits, and "all" who are oppressed, as the nation had been in exile, are made the subjects of Jehovah's just deliverance. Personal blessing is only a part of the experience that calls for gratitude. Righteousness and judgment, literally, righteousnesses and judgments, on many occasions, have been experienced. "He will not always chide," for His anger is not unreasoning, to be kept forever, but it is just and lasts only so long as the sinner is obstinate in his sin. "Not" (even) "according to our sins" has God punished us; every sinner rightly feels that the pardon he receives is not deserved; even if he repents, his past sin can be forgiven only by free grace.

13-18. "As a father:" No comparison is more common either in the Old or the New Testament. He "pitieth" us, for, as our Creator (Gen. 2:7), God remembers how He Himself made us, "our frame," literally, "our fashioning," being of dust. Such a body is like the grass and flowers of Palestine, that wither in an hour if struck by some sudden hot wind from the deserts. The wind passes over a green field, and "it is gone" suddenly, and the life of man is like this. In contrast, the "loving kindness" of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting, and His "righteousness," or promise-keeping truth, His mercy, to all who "keep His covenant:"

19-22. Such mercy is consistent with the power of God. For "His throne" is established in the heavens, so far above all earthly power that it can never be successfully assailed, and it is the seat of such wisdom that He infallibly executes justice and determines when He may rightly forgive.

The slight that can be conveyed in a glance, in a gracious smile, in a wave of the hand, is often the ne plus ultra of art. What insult is so keen, or so keenly felt, as the polite insult, which it is impossible to resent?—Julia Kavanaugh.

The slender vine twists around the sturdy oak, for no other reason in the world but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself.—Goldsmith.

The Promised Land is the land where one is not.—Amiel.

HE WASN'T SUPERSTITIOUS.

And Yet He Was Bound He Wouldn't Travel Without His Lucky Coin.

Just as he was starting on a short business journey his wife called him aside. "William," she said, earnestly, "don't think of going to-day. Put it off till to-morrow or next week. Something awful will happen if you disregard my advice, and I know it." "What's the matter with you? Been having dreams or consulting one of these second-sight frauds?" "No, dear, but this is Friday, and it is simply inviting trouble to make a start on Friday." "Oh, pshaw! Will you never get over such foolishness? What's the day got to do with it? Honest, it makes me tired—this everlasting superstition and belief in signs. If I paid attention to all such things we'd starve, for I'd have no time to do business. Put all of them out of your head, little one. I've had just as good luck on Friday as on any other day, and the only serious accident I ever had was on Monday. I can't disarrange all my plans just to humor a whim. I'll come back as safe and sound as I leave. Good-by." He went, and she sat in the bay window looking just as disconsolate as though her worst fears had been realized. At the end of 20 minutes she saw her husband hurrying toward the house, carrying his hat in his hand and mopping his forehead. She ran to the door, pale with apprehension. "What is it, William? Tell me, quick. I can bear anything as long as you are all right." "Where's that old blue vest? That lucky dime of mine is in one of the pockets. I'd stay at home before I'd go without it."—Troy Times.

The Typewriter Invention.

A Statistician has proved that the invention of the typewriter has given employment to 500,000 people, but he fails to state how many cases of weak stomachs and dyspepsia it has induced. All people of sedentary occupation need Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It helps nature to bear the strain which ensues from confinement and it is a wonderful medicine. No one realizes this more keenly than the man or woman who has been cured of stomach trouble by its use.

Not Good Kickers.

I never heard but one Porto Rican man make a kick about anything. I was sitting on the hotel veranda at Ponce one day when a merchant came down the street to see me. There was a vicious bull tearing about the street, and the animal got after the merchant and run him a block and gave him a toss which landed him on the veranda, almost at my feet. Of course I went to his assistance, thinking him seriously hurt, but it turned out that he had come off almost without a bruise. I began to congratulate him over his escape, but he interrupted me with:

"Senor, I like it not. The bull should have rolled me into the ditch, instead of tossing me up here. Never before was I tossed upon this veranda, and I can't make it out."—Washington Post.

Care of the Hands in Winter.

To keep the hands in good condition in cold weather care must be given them. Gloves should be worn when engaged in house work, or going out in the open air. They should be washed in tepid water with Ivory soap, and carefully dried on a soft towel. Too frequent washing, or extremes of heat or cold should be avoided.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Took Him at His Word.

Customer—You sell cracked eggs at half price, do you not?

Clerk—Yes'm; we always make 50 per cent. reduction on cracked goods. Anything else to-day?

"Yes, you may give me a dollar's worth of cracked wheat. Here's 50 cents."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

The True Connoisseurs.

"Papa," said the boy, "when you say in your advertisements that your goods are acknowledged by connoisseurs to be the best, what do you mean by connoisseurs?"

"A connoisseur, my boy," answered the great manufacturer, "is an eminent authority—an authority, in short, who admits that our goods are the best."—Collier's Weekly.

The Best Prescription for Chills

and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It's simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

Nell—"Why did Maude get a divorce? I thought she and George got along beautifully." Belle—"So they did, but the cook took a violent dislike to him and threatened to leave."—Philadelphia Record.

Tip the waiter and he serves you right.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Dec. 22.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle, com'n	3 15	@ 4 00
Select butcher	4 85	@ 4 90
CALVES—Extra	6 00	@ 6 50
HOGS—Choice packers	4 05	@ 4 07½
Mixed packers	3 95	@ 4 05
Light shippers	3 95	@ 4 05
SHEEP—Choice	3 75	@ 3 85
LAMBS—Extra	5 10	@ 5 25
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 25	@ 3 60
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red		@ 70½
No. 3 red		@ 67½
Corn—No. 2 mixed		@ 33½
Oats—No. 2 mixed		@ 26
Rye—No. 2		@ 61½
PROVISIONS—Mess pork		@ 10 50
Lard		@ 5 20
HAY—Choice timothy		@ 12 50
BUTTER—Choice dairy	16	@ 18
Choice creamery		@ 28
APPLES—Choice to fancy		@ 3 00
POTATOES—Per brl	1 65	@ 1 75
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 40	@ 3 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	68	@ 68½
No. 3 Chicago spring	64	@ 65⅝
CORN—No 2	30¾	@ 30⅞
OATS—No. 2	22¾	@ 23
PORK—Mess	8 70	@ 10 00
LARD—Steam	5 10	@ 5 40
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 50	@ 3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 74
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 40¼
RYE—		@ 60½
OATS—Mixed		@ 29
PORK—Mess	10 00	@ 10 75
LARD—Steam		@ 5 65
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	3 20	@ 3 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	70	@ 70¼
Southern	66	@ 72
Corn—Mixed	36¾	@ 36⅞
Oats—No. 2 white	30½	@ 31
Rye—No. 2 western	56	@ 57
CATTLE—First quality	4 75	@ 5 25
HOGS—Western	4 40	@ 4 50
INDIANAPOLIS.		
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red		@ 67½
Corn—No. 2 mixed		@ 30¼
Oats—No. 2 mixed		@ 25
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 15	@ 3 35
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	70	@ 71
Corn—Mixed		@ 36½
Oats—Mixed		@ 25
PORK—Mess		@ 9 50
LARD—Steam	6 50	@ 6 75

Solid Trains to Northern Michigan.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is now running solid trains of palace sleeping cars, dining cars (serving meals a la carte) and first-class day coaches, through from Chicago to Calumet, Houghton, Hancock and other points in the Copper Country without change of cars, with direct connection for Marquette, Negaunee, Ishpeming, etc., and passengers from the East, South and Southwest will find this a most desirable route.

All coupon ticket agents sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

The Great Test.

"Is Willoughby Winks a companionable fellow?"

"Oh, yes; he makes himself agreeable even when he plays whist."—Detroit Free Press.

Winter Excursions.

The Southern Pacific Company and its connections operate the best first and second class service to California, Arizona, Texas and Mexico. Through Pullman Palace Sleepers and Tourist Sleepers from all principal eastern points. Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Omaha, Kansas City, etc. For particulars and descriptive literature write W. G. Neimyer, Gen'l Western Agent, 238 Clark St., Chicago, W. H. Connor, Com'l Agent, Chamber Commerce Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, or W. J. Berg, Trav. Pass. Agt., 220 Ellicott Sq., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

She—I suppose you were presented at court while in London?

He—Yes, twice, but I was acquitted both times.—Chicago Evening News.

Cuba.

W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A. Queen & Crescent Route, Cincinnati, has a beautifully illustrated pamphlet now in press descriptive of Cuba and Puerto Rico.

Send in your name at once with a 2 cent stamp to cover postage on a free copy as soon as they are received.

Mr. Suell—"What are you crying for, Elsie?" His Little Daughter—"I've just read that the diamond mines may be exhausted in seven years, and it's eight before my coming out!"—Jewelers' Weekly.

Babies Will Not Laugh

if you give them nostrums for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Bronchitis. The only sure and safe remedy is Hoxsie's Croup Cure. 50 cts.

"Feeling ill again? Blow me tight, you must like it. Why, I believe if you was to feel quite well and 'ad nothin' to grumble at you'd die."—Ally Sloper.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

"See how that human skeleton is cracked." "Yes. That man's dead broke."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not spot, streak or give your goods an unevenly dyed appearance. Sold by all druggists.

Don't count your poultry until they get big enough to get away from the cat.—Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. Buchmueller, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

Heart failure covers a multitude of medical ignorance.—Chicago Daily News.

My Mother Had Consumption

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. A neighbor told her not to give up but try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. She did so and was speedily cured, and is now in the enjoyment of good health." D. P. Jolly, Feb. 2, 1899. Avoca, N. Y.

Cures Hard Coughs

No matter how hard your cough is or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you could possibly take. But it's too risky to wait until you have consumption, for sometimes it's impossible to cure this disease. If you are coughing today, don't wait until tomorrow, but get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once and be relieved. It strengthens weak lungs.

Three sizes: 25c., enough for an ordinary cold; 50c., just right for asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, whooping-cough, hard colds; $1.00, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.

THE Pleasantest, most powerful, effective and never failing REMEDY for Rheumatism Sciatica, Neuralgia, LA GRIPPE and CATARRH! If all knew what thousands know of the efficacy of "5 DROPS" as a Curative as well as a Preventive of any Ache or Pain known to the human body, there would not be a family in all America without a bottle of "5 DROPS!" Send for trial bottle, 25c, or large bottle $1.00, (containing 300 doses) 6 bottles for $5.00. 5 DROPS TRADE MARK. SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160-164 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

SAVE YOUR STAR TIN TAGS

"Star" tin tags (showing small stars printed on under side of tag), "Horse Shoe," "J. T.," "Good Luck," "Cross Bow," and "Drummond" Natural Leaf Tin Tags are of equal value in securing presents mentioned below, and may be assorted. Every man, woman and child can find something on the list that they would like to have, and can have

FREE!

	TAGS.		TAGS.
1 Match Box	25	23 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, Thermometer, Barometer	500
2 Knife, one blade, good steel	25	24 Gun case, leather, no better made	500
3 Scissors, 4½ inches	25	25 Revolver, automatic, double action, 32 or 38 caliber	600
4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon	25	26 Tool Set, not playthings, but real tools	650
5 Salt and Pepper Set, one each, quadruple plate on white metal	50	27 Toilet Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome	800
6 French Briar Wood Pipe	25	28 Remington Rifle No. 4, 22 or 32 cal.	800
7 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel	50	29 Watch, sterling silver, full jeweled	1000
8 Butter Knife, triple plate, best quality	60	30 Dress Suit Case, leather, handsome and durable	1000
9 Sugar Shell, triple plate, best qual.	60	31 Sewing Machine, first class, with all attachments	1500
10 Stamp Box, sterling silver	70	32 Revolver, Colt's, 38-caliber, blued steel	1500
11 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades	75	33 Rifle, Colt's, 16-shot, 22-caliber	1500
12 Butcher Knife, "Keen Kutter," 8-in blade	75	34 Guitar (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid	2000
13 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch	75	35 Mandolin, very handsome	2000
14 Nut Set, Cracker and 6 Picks, silver plated	80	36 Winchester Repeating Shot Gun, 12 gauge	2000
15 Base Ball, "Association," best qual.	100	37 Remington, double-barrel, hammer Shot Gun, 10 or 12 gauge	2000
16 Alarm Clock, nickel	150	38 Bicycle, standard make, ladies or gents	2500
17 Six Genuine Rogers' Teaspoons, best plated goods	150	39 Shot Gun, Remington, double barrel, hammerless	3000
18 Watch, nickel, stem wind and set	200	40 Regina Music Box, 15½ inch Disc	5000
19 Carvers, good steel, buckhorn handles	200		
20 Six Genuine Rogers' Table Spoons, best plated goods	250		
21 Six each, Knives and Forks, buckhorn handles	250		
22 Six each, Genuine Rogers' Knives and Forks, best plated goods	500		

THE ABOVE OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 30TH, 1900.

Special Notice! Plain "Star" Tin Tags (that is, Star tin tags with no small stars printed on under side of tag), are not good for presents, but will be paid for in CASH on the basis of twenty cents per hundred, if received by us on or before March 1st, 1900.

BEAR IN MIND that a dime's worth of STAR PLUG TOBACCO will last longer and afford more pleasure than a dime's worth of any other brand. MAKE THE TEST!

Send tags to CONTINENTAL TOBACCO CO., St. Louis, Mo.

2 Step

Send at once for this TWO-STEP MARCH. It has the full swing and the air is catchy and equal to Sousa's. Send Ten Cents in money or stamps to GEORGE C. JOHNSTON, Allen Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Cures Croup and Whooping-Cough

Unexcelled for Consumptives. Gives quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes.

Dr. Bull's Pills cure Biliousness. Trial, 20 for 5c.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

CARTER'S INK Is food for thought.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

Personally Conducted California Excursions

Via the Santa Fe Route.

Three times a week from Chicago and Kansas City.

Twice a week from St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Once a week from St. Louis and Boston.

In improved wide-vestibuled Pullman tourist sleeping cars.

Better than ever before, at lowest possible rates.

Experienced excursion conductors.

Also daily service between Chicago and California.

Correspondence solicited.

T. A. GRADY,

Manager California Tourist Service,

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,

109 Adams Street, CHICAGO.

Top Snap Complete Double Breech Loader $9.99 GUNS FISH-TACKLE SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES CHEAPER than ELSEWHERE Send stamp for catalogue. POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 418 Main St., CINCINNATI.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Ralph Ringwood.

A True Story of a Kentucky Pioneer.

(Continued from last week.)

Miller willingly received me into his house as an inmate, and seemed pleased with the idea of making a hunter of me. His dwelling was a small log-house, with a loft or garret of boards, so that there was ample room for both of us. Under his instruction, I soon made a tolerable proficiency in hunting. My first exploit of any consequence was killing a bear. I was hunting in company with two brothers, when we came upon his track, in a wood where there was an undergrowth of canes and grape-vines. He was scrambling up a tree, when I shot him through the breast; he fell to the ground, and lay motionless. The brothers sent in their dog, who seized the bear by the throat. He raised one arm, and gave the dog a hug that crushed his ribs. One yell, and all was over. I don't know which was first dead, the dog or the bear.

By degrees I became known, and somewhat of a favorite among the hunters of the neighborhood; that is to say, men who lived within a circle of thirty or forty miles, and came occasionally to see John Miller, who was a patriarch among them. They lived widely apart, in log-huts and wigwams, almost with the simplicity of Indians, and well nigh as destitute of the comforts and inventions of civilized life. They seldom saw each other; weeks, and even months would elapse, without their visiting. When they did meet, it was very much after the manner of Indians; loitering about all day, without having much to say, but becoming communicative as evening advanced, and sitting up half the night before the fire, telling hunting-stories, and terrible tales of the fights of the Bloody Ground.

Sometimes several would join in a distant hunting expedition, or rather campaign. Expeditions of this kind lasted from November until April, during which we laid up our stock of summer provisions. We shifted our hunting-camps from place to place, according as we found the game. They were generally pitched near a run of water, and close by a cane-break, to screen us from the wind. One side of our lodge was open towards the fire. Our horses were hoppled and turned loose in the cane-brakes, with bells around their necks. One of the party stayed at home to watch the camp, prepare the meals, and keep off the wolves; the others hunted. When a hunter killed a deer at a distance from the camp, he would open it and take out the entrails; then, climbing a sappling, he would bend it down, tie the deer to the top, and let it spring up again, so as to suspend the carcass out of reach of the wolves. At night he would return to the camp, and give an account of his luck. The next morning early he would get a horse out of the canebrake and bring his home game. That day he would stay at home to cut up the carcass, while the others hunted.

By the opening of spring we would generally have quantities of bear's meat and venison salted, dried, and smoked, and numerous packs of skins. We would then make the best of our way home from our distant hunting-grounds, transporting our spoils, sometimes on horseback over land, and our return would often be celebrated by feasting and dancing, in true backwoods style. I have given you some idea of our hunting; let me now give you a sketch of our frolicking.

It was on our return from a winter's hunting in the neighborhood of Green River we received notice that there was to be a grand frolic at Bob Mosely's to greet the hunters. There was no other man within a hundred miles that could play a fiddle, so there was no having a regular frolick without Bob Mosely. The hunters, therefore, were always ready to give him a share of their game in exchange for his music, and Bob was always ready to get up a carousal whenever there was a party returning from a hunting-expedition.

(To be continued.)

I had dyspepsia fifty-seven years and never found permanent relief till I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Now I am well and feel like a new man," writes S. J. Flemming, Murray, Neb. It is the best digestant known. Cures all forms of indigestions. Physicians everywhere prescribe it.

S. E. Welch, Jr.

The Counties.

Madison County.

Wallaceton.

J. W. Baker moved to Cartersville Saturday the 23rd.

Mr. H. B. Wylie is drilling a well, but has got no water yet.

Katie Wylie will start in a few days for Lebanon to visit relatives.

Rev. Parson preached at the Baptist Church Sunday the 17th; a large crowd attended.

Mrs. May Wilson has a felon on her thumb, which has caused much pain and must soon be lanced for the third time.

Miss Carrie Pitts and Joe Wallace were married at the home of Wm. Hyatts, Tuesday, the 19th. A few of her friends were present, and all enjoyed themselves.

Richmond.

Ralph Bingham made us all laugh at the court house the 19th.

Miss Maggie Broaddus, who is teaching at Irvine, will spend the holidays with her parents and friends here.

Prof. Reynolds opened the holiday entertainments here by giving his pupils a Christmas tree in the chapel of his school building.

The taking of the Morro Castle will be reproduced in the M. E. church Tuesday evening, the gifts representing the spoils.

Miss Amanda V. Walker spent a few days visiting Miss Minnie Gilbert this week, while on her way to Indianapolis to visit relatives and attend school.

Representative elect Wm. Harris has finished taking depositions for his contest before the Legislature and says, "If I am given a fair hearing, I shall be seated." Hon. Brutus Clay is managing the case, assisted by Attorney Lowry.

Clay County.

Ogle.

Born to Mrs. Ella Hardy a girl.

Born to Thomas Smith and wife, a girl.

J. H. Fredrick is working for Josiah Davis.

James Davis moved on to this creek from Knox county week before last.

Josiah Davis and Sarah Abner were married Dec. 19.

Irvan Davidson's child died last week.

Taigg Swafford, merchant, returned Dec. 16, from a visit to Knoxville, Tenn.

Mrs. Betsy Ann Eversole and daughter moved into the house with Mary Smith week before last.

Grace.

E. J. Benge has a fine supply of goods.

Dr. Wyatt is very busy attending his patients.

L. H. York's school closed at this place last week.

Mrs. Polly Wyatt is visiting her daughter at Tinker.

Miss Mattie Marion expects to teach school in Manchester.

Mr. Wm. Murray and wife are the happy parents of a fine girl.

Lawrence Johnson has completed his house, and moved into it.

Preston Fields returned from Pittsburg where he has been working.

Wm. H. Murray has a fine supply of men's clothing, and expects more soon.

Several young men and ladies passed through here last week going to Berea.

Mrs. Liza Riggs has returned from Tennessee where she has been visiting her mother.

Helen Brigman returned from Otter creek Saturday, where she has been teaching school.

Columbus Whittimore shot John Spivy through the arm last week. He claims it was an accident.

Mrs. Susan Benge is very busy buying eggs, butter, and so forth, for the girls' dormitory at London.

Jackson County.

Evergreen.

Green Lake was the guest of Tom Jones Sunday, December, 17.

Pine Grove school has adjourned for five weeks on account of affairs at Circuit Court, at McKee.

Charlie J. Lake and John Drew are in the stave business, working for Captain Smith.

C. P. Moore, of Welchburg, visited his brother's school Friday, December 14. He taught Pine Grove school for three years.

Collingsworth.

Mr. J. C. Powell has gone to Livingston on a business trip.

Mr. W. P. Sandlin of Dreyfus was here last week visiting friends and relatives.

Prof. Dickson of Livingston staid over with your correspondent Monday night of last week.

Mr. Green V. Morris and Miss Mary Morris were united in the holy bonds of matrimony Dec. 14.

Mr. Jake Miller, John Gibson, and two Messrs. Bates of Richmond staid at Mr. J. C. Powell's one night on a bird hunting trip.

Clover Bottom.

Henry Click took a load of apples to Berea Saturday.

Thos. Hayes, of Gray Hawk, is visiting relatives here.

James Robinson, of Sturgeon, was here on business last week.

Solomon Adams and Miss Susan Robinson were married December 21.

Cash Powell passed through this vicinity with a drove of hogs last week.

Mrs. D. C. Sparks returned to Drip Rock Sunday, after a two weeks visit at her fathers.

Several of our boys and girls who are attending school at Berea, are home for Christmas.

Miss Ollie Hatfield has returned from a trip to Tennessee, and is visiting friends here.

Rockcastle County.

Withers.

Jeffie French, our school teacher, is very sick.

James Mullins and family are away on a Christmas trip.

Mrs. Moore, the noted horse back rider, made this vicinity a visit recently.

Joe Griffin has a water power mill on Horse Lick creek, for grinding corn.

The little daughter of Tommy Anderson has been sick for some time, but is slowly improving.

Mrs. Susie Goforth, of Madison county, is visiting her parents, Elisha and Eliza Mullins, of this place.

W. C. Mullins is in the cross tie business near Livingston, and expects to employ one hundred men.

Estill County.

Locust Branch.

Little Gilla Harris has been very sick for the past week, but is better now.

Miss Mamie Elliott, of Wisemantown, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Annie Gentry.

D. M. Click, of Kirby Knob, was the guest of Miss Lilly Kindred last Friday.

Jno. A. Bicknell and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine eight pound girl.

Miss Lilly McWhorter, of Brassfield, is visiting Marsh Kindred's family this week.

Lula Kindred returned home Sunday after a month's visit with her sister, Mrs. R. W. Harris, of Panola.

Louis Roulo, of Detroit, Mich., and Miss Stanley Bicknell were married at the home of the bride's parents December 19th. The bride and groom will leave for Michigan in a few days.

Leslie County.

Hyden.

An election for County Judge was held Dec. 14.

Several farmers are clearing new ground for next year's crops.

Miss Tana Morgan is going to Caldwell College next session.

Gran Cornett is delivering a fine quantity of Cannel coal for seven cents per bushel.

Several new students at the Academy last week; the genial Jim Begley is here again.

Justus Bowling and Sherman Eversole expect to start to Maysville after Christmas.

Hiram Brock has closed his school on Hirts Creek. All his patrons are anxious to have him again.

Mrs. Maud Jeffries, formerly Miss Maud Webb and a student here, died week before last of typhoid fever.

Mr. Fritz Kruger has finished the brick work on the court house and Eversole's store and left for home.

Blevins & Co. have bought the saw mill formerly belonging to Lewis & Maggard. They are prepared to fill all orders.

Rev. Tyler of Campton is holding a protracted meeting at the Methodist Church. Rev. E. P. Sizemore is assisting him.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. Kate E. Putnam, teacher in Berea College.

Complicating Christmas.

There must be some radical and growing departure from the right and best way of celebrating Christmas when each recurring year we hear a larger number of men saying, "Well, I'll be truly thankful when this Christmas business is over." And they are led to this remark generally by seeing their wives, mothers, sisters or daughters reach Christmas utterly tired out, with the prospect of a seige of illness as soon as Christmas is over. Now, there is always something wrong when we make a burden of our pleasures. And if one of our sources of pleasure in the calendar's greatest gala day is derived from a feeling of thankfulness that it is over, there is something askew either in the way we prepare for, or spend, the day.

Christmas is the last of all days which we should complicate. If the spirit of simplicity was exhaled in any life ever lived on earth it was in the life of Christ. No being ever taught more forcibly: no other life has shown the heights reached by simplicity of living applied to high ideals. The commanding greatness of His life lies in the force of His absolute simplicity. Because He lived all mankind rejoices on the day of His birth, and proclaims it a day of congratulations, good wishes and general merrymaking. We give presents to each other because, through tokens of His love for us, we have learned how to love others. Love tokens: heart offerings: these are what we call Christmas presents; and they are only such when they are given in the true spirit. And one of the complications of the day arises here. The real meaning of the word "present" has been lost in all too many cases: we give from other motives than the right one: we give here from obligation; we give there because others have given to us; we give to fit the conditions of those upon whom we bestow, and frequently go beyond our means; we give where the heart does not go with the offering. And there we take the day away from its setting; we pervert its meaning; we are untrue to ourselves and to others; we place a burden on ourselves; we wear ourselves out trying to decide not what we would like to do nor what our hearts prompt us to do, but what we "must" do: what we feel we ought to do: what will be expected of us.

Much as we need simplicity in all the phases of our living, its greatest need is sometimes felt at Christmas. And it seems a pity that we cannot make a beginning there. We could if we would simplify this question of presents: if we would leave out of our consideration all but the natural promptings of our hearts. If ever material considerations should be dismissed from our minds and lives it should be in connection with Christmas. If ever our friends should see our hearts—our real inner selves—it should be on Christmas Day. Not that we should be other than our real selves on other days. But as it is, we are not our actual selves on the day of all the days when we should be.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. Eliza H. Yocum, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

There are so many good things pressed into this little poem of Alice Cary's that I want all the boys and girls who are out of school to set to work and learn it by the time that 1900 gets here, and try to live by it the rest of their years.

For Young Folks.

Don't ever go hunting for pleasures.
They cannot be found thus I know;
Nor yet fall a-digger for treasures,
Unless with the spade and the hoe!

The bee has to work for the honey,
The drone has no right to the food,
And he who not earned his money
Will get out of money no good.

The ant builds her house with her labor,
The squirrel looks out for his mast,
And he who depends on his neighbor
Will never have friends, first or last.

In short, 'tis no better than thieving,
Though thief is a harsh name to call,
Good things to be always receiving
And never to give back at all.

And do not put off till to-morrow
The thing that you ought to do now,
But set first the share in the furrow
And then set your hand to the plough.

The time is too short to be waiting,
The day maketh haste to the night,
And it's just as hard work to be hating
Your work as to do it out right.

Know this, too, before you are older,
And all the fresh morning is gone,
Who puts to the world's wheel a shoulder
Is he that will move the world on!

Don't weary out with delaying,
And when you are crowded, don't stop:
Believe me, there's truth in the saying,
"There always is room at the top,"

To conscience be true, and to man true,
Keep faith, hope, and love in your breast,
And when you have done all you can do
Then you may trust for the rest.

Alice Cary.

This column extends a hearty Chritmas greeting to you all, with wishes for a glad New Year.

Let It Come.

Whether sunshine, whether rain,
Let it come,
Whether sorrow, whether pain,
Let it come!
If by fate you're stricken, try
Not to worry, fret, and sigh—
Sorrow's oft a blessing; why,
Let it ceme!

When Earth's ills fall thick and fast,
Let them come,
And fiercely blows life's tempest blast,
Let it come!
Trials only make us strong,
Nerve us to withstand the wrong;
Be it sigh, or tear, or song,
Let it come!

Troubles come, oft hard to bear,
Let them come;
Each and all must bear a share,
Let it come!
God the Father in His might,
Often works beyond our sight;
What He does is always right,
Let it come!

—Henry Allen Lane, College Hill.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. Mason, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Cowpeas and Soil Renovation.

A field of cowpeas has been very happily designated "the poor man's bank," for in common with all its leguminous congeners, the field pea, clovers, alfalfa, and a score of others, this crop has the power of increasing the facility of the soil upon which it grows. This fact has long been accepted by farmers and students of agriculture, but until recent discoveries in Germany and America it was believed that the chief function of these plants was to pump up nitrogen from the sub-soil reservoir to the surface by means of their long roots for the use and benefit of succeeding crops.

But experiments in the field and laboratory for the purpose of determining the causes of natural phenomena have taken the place of class-room philosophy and speculative reasoning. Within the last twenty years scientific workers have discovered that minute micro-organisms, or bacteria, which live within the tissues of the roots of leguminous plants take up free nitrogen from the gases in the soil, just as the higher plants and animals utilize the oxygen of the air. The nitrogen enters into combination to form nitric acid, which unites with the mineral elements of the soil to form nitrates, a kind of plant food exceedingly valuable to the growing crop. Nitrogen, when in combination with other elements, is an indispensible form of plant and animal food, but the free element can not be utilized, uncombined, by any of the higher organisms. Small amounts of nitrous acid are formed as a result of lightning discharges and are washed out of the air by rains, to be in part absorbed by the soil, and in part carried by rivers and drainage waters into the sea. Free nitrogen exists only in the air and in the gases of the soil, but as ammonia, nitrous and nitric acid, nitrites and nitrates, it is present in varying quantities in the soil, the unbroken rocks, and the waters of continents and oceans.

There are a great many acres of farming land in the South in need of renovation. The red uplands and yellow clay-soils were undoubtedly less fertile originally than the alluvial and black prairie soils, and the methods of cultivation which formerly prevailed have still further diminished their productiveness. In the days when every plantation numbered its acres by the thousand and labor was cheap the planter could afford to clear off the native forest growth and bring fresh fields into cultivation whenever the yields of cotton and tobacco fell below what was considered a profitable figure. The old field, stripped in a few years of its accumulated store of humus, was abandoned and allowed to grow to weeds and underbrush. The forest again spread across it, and gradually, in the slow course of half a lifetime, the natural enrichment of its surface soil by the growth of woodland grasses made it ready for another robbery.

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GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, LL. D., Berea, Madison Co., Ky.